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HEART OF NEW ENGLAND



Heart of New England

By
Abbie Farwell Brown



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To
The Memory of my Ancestor
Mary Allerton Cushman
Last of the Mayflower Pilgrims

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HEART OF NEW ENGLAND

EAST WIND

*I dream of a languorous, tideless shore,
Of azure light in magic caves;
Of heathery hills with summits hoar,
That wade knee-deep in northern waves;
Of rainbow sails like butterflies
That flutter to an Old World quay;
Of where a buried city lies
Beneath the sands of Brittany.*

*Nay! But my own New England coast,
Pungent with wild rose, pine, and bay;
Brown marsh, white sand, gray rocks that boast
The fiercest surf, the wildest spray!
Ho! For me,
Where the white, white sails go flashing to the sea;
And the sea wind is the east wind, as the sea wind
ought to be!*

*I dream of a castle-covered height;
Of gardens with eternal flowers,
And mossy fountains gleaming white;
Of lemon groves and myrtle bowers;
Of fairy glens and haunted halls,
Where mystery walks to and fro;
Of palaces on gay canals;
Of English green, and Alpenglow.*

*Nay! But New England's apple trees,
Her homely houses, square and plain,
The simple gardens loved of bees,
The maple groves, the firs of Maine!
Ho! For me,
Where the spring comes slowly, like a play to see;
And the sea wind is the east wind, as the sea wind
ought to be!*

Heart of New England

• •

NAMES

FROM Somerset and Devon,
From Kent and Lincolnshire,
The younger sons came sailing
With hearts of steel and fire.

From leafy lane and valley,
Fair glebe and ancient wood,
The counties of old England
Poured forth their warmest blood.

Out of the gray-walled cities,
Away from the castled towns,
Corners of thatch and roses,
Heathery combes and downs,

With neither crown nor penny,
But an iron will they came,
Heirs of an old tradition
And a good old English name.

HEART OF NEW ENGLAND

A brooding silence met them
On a nameless, savage shore;
But they called the wild — “New England,”
For the sake of the blood they bore.

“*Plymouth, Exeter, Bristol,*
Boston, Windsor, Wells.”
Beloved names of England
Rang in their hearts like bells.

They named their rocky farmlands,
Their hamlets by the sea,
For the mother-towns that bred them
In racial loyalty.

“*Cambridge, Hartford, Gloucester,*
Hampton, Norwich, Stowe.”
The younger sons looked backward
And sealed their sonship so.

The old blood thrills in answer,
As centuries go by,
To names that meant a challenge,
A signal, or a sigh.

NAMES

Now over friendly waters

The old towns, each to each,

Call with the kinship in a name;

One race, one truth, one speech.

COMFORTERS

RAW April came. The snow was melting fast
From the bleak Plymouth hills. The *May-*
flower,

Who had been fretting at her anchor-chains
Through the unfriendly weeks of rain and
snow,

Flew like a homing pigeon out to sea,
With treacherous captain and a sulky crew.
But not one of the Faithful was returning.
Iron of purpose, worn but undismayed
By the fell winter, on a little hill
That bedded half the flock in a long sleep,
Pale Pilgrims watched the shining sails grow
dim,

With straining vision. So, the final link
With home was severed now! The happy
ship

Was homeward bound to the belovèd land,
Where soon the may would blossom in the
hedges

COMFORTERS

Of Kent and Suffolk; while in Lincolnshire
The friendly robin sang by flooding tides.

“Never again to see the green of England
Or hear that song!” they murmured. “Never
again!

For us sad exiles on a barren shore,
Sorrow and toil till death, uncomforted.
Yet the Lord’s will be done!”

Running there came
A little maid with treasure-trove in hand,
A flushed and furry blossom. “Look!” she
cried,

“The first pink posy peeping through the
snow

Upon a sunny hillside in the wood!
Is it not like the precious English may,
But sweeter still?” “Behold, the mayflower!”
The Pilgrims whispered. “God has sent to us
A messenger of homeland and the spring!”
The wistful shadow faded from their eyes,
Their set lips softened.

Came a little lad,
Leaping and laughing. “I have heard a song!

HEART OF NEW ENGLAND

A redbreast bubbling in the willow-tree
Caroled 'Cheer up! Cheer up!' See where he
flies
With his bright feathers!" Eagerly they
peered,
Elder and Captain, man and weary wife,
Orphans with little faces pinched and pale.
Forgetting now the vanished ship, they cried—
"The robin and the mayflower are here!
Now in New England shall we be at home,
God wills it so." Thereon they shyly smiled,
Straightened bent shoulders, and with lifted
hearts
Slowly departed; thinking more than speak-
ing,
In the old English fashion.

PILGRIM MOTHERS

Now thank God for the women
Who dared the perilous sea
With our adventurous ancestors,
To bear them company!

They sailed, they knew not whither,
They came, nor questioned why,
But that the men-folk whom they loved
Without their care would die.

Babes newly born they carried,
And bairns with wavering feet;
But never a cow was there for milk,
And never a stove for heat.

Through icy waves they landed,
They washed in frozen streams;
They shivered through the nights of dread
With horror in their dreams.

HEART OF NEW ENGLAND

Through toil and want and danger
High-hearted they could wait;
They lived and died for the commonweal,
And mothered a nursling State.

They had no voice in meeting,
No vote in pact or law;
But of their flesh and blood is built
Our strength for peace and war.

Thank God for the brave women
Of a hard three-hundred years!
Have they not earned a nation's trust
Through sacrifice and tears?

CROSS-CURRENTS

THROUGH twelve stout generations
New England blood I boast;
The stubborn pastures bred them,
The grim, uncordial coast,

Sedate and proud old cities —
Loved well enough by me.
Then how should I be yearning
To scour the earth and sea?

Each of my Yankee forbears
Wed a New England mate;
They dwelt and did and died here,
Nor glimpsed a rosier fate.

My clan endured their kindred;
But foreigners they loathed,
And wandering folk, and minstrels,
And gypsies motley-clothed.

HEART OF NEW ENGLAND

Then why do patches please me,
 Fantastic, wild array?
Why have I vagrant fancies
 For lads from far away?

My kin were godly Churchmen —
 Or paced in elders' weeds;
But all were grave and pious
 And hated heathen creeds.

Then why are Thor and Wotan
 To me dread forces still?
Why does my heart go questing
 For Pan beyond the hill?

My people clutched at freedom,
 (Though others' wills they chained)
But made the Law and kept it,
 And Beauty they restrained.

Then why am I a rebel
 To laws of rule and square?
Why would I dream and dally,
 Or, reckless, do and dare?

CROSS-CURRENTS

O righteous, solemn Grandsires,
O Dames, correct and mild,
Who bred me of your virtues,
Whence comes this changeling child?

The thirteenth generation —
Unlucky number this! —
My grandam loved a pirate,
And all my faults are his.

A gallant, ruffled rover,
With beauty-loving eye,
He swept Colonial waters
Of coarser, bloodier fry.

He waved his hat to Danger,
At Law he shook his fist.
Ah, merrily he plundered,
He sang and fought and kissed!

Though none have found his treasure,
And none his part would take,
I bless that thirteenth lady
Who chose him for my sake.

SAVAGES

THE Heathen hailed us from the beach,
Prayed the new gods to bless and teach.
They worshiped us and gave us food,
Sweet water and maize, nuts from the wood;
Showed us safe harbor. Liquor and beads
Got us broad acres for our needs;
We set shrewd boundaries to the farms.
Too generously we loaned them arms;
Froward they grew and scorned our laws,
They bared white fangs, unsheathed fierce
claws.

Haunts in the wilderness they made
To spy upon our barricade,
Our meeting-house and granaries,
Coveting them with cruel eyes.
One stole a heifer from our yard;
We hanged the whelp; they scalped our guard;
We shot their chief and eight tall braves.
The devils swarmed from dens and caves,

SAVAGES

And burned the roofs above our heads;
Murdered the children in their beds!
With righteous wrath we armed for war,
Scouring the forest near and far,
River and lake with uncouth name,
All the fair region once their claim,
Killing the Redskin fiends at sight.
At last we rid us of the blight;
We made the savage race to cease,
And earned a Sabbath Day of peace.
We walled the tilth and reared this town.

O great Jehovah looking down,
Reward our pious people still,
Who set Thy temple on the hill.

PIRATE TREASURE

A LADY loved a swaggering rover,
The seven salt seas he voyaged over,
Bragged of a hoard none could discover,
Hey! Jolly Roger, O.

She bloomed in a mansion dull and stately,
And as to Meeting she walked sedately,
From the tail of her eye she liked him greatly,
Hey! Jolly Roger, O.

Rings in his ears and a red sash wore he,
He sang her a song and told her a story;
“I’ll make ye Queen of the Ocean!” swore he,
Hey! Jolly Roger, O.

She crept from bed by her sleeping sister;
By the old gray mill he met and kissed her.
Blue day dawned before they missed her,
Hey! Jolly Roger, O.

PIRATE TREASURE

And while they prayed her out of Meeting,
Her wild little heart with bliss was beating,
As seaward went the lugger fleeting,

Hey! Jolly Roger, O.

Choose in haste and repent at leisure;
A buccaneer life is not all pleasure.
He set her ashore with a little treasure,

Hey! Jolly Roger, O.

Off he went where waves were dashing,
Knives were gleaming, cutlasses clashing;
And a ship on jagged rocks went crashing.

Hey! Jolly Roger, O.

Over his bones the tides are sweeping;
The only trace of the pirate sleeping
Is what he left in the lady's keeping,

Hey! Jolly Roger, O.

Two hundred years is his name unspoken,
The secret of his hoard unbroken.
But a black-browed race wears the rover's
token,

Hey! Jolly Roger, O.

HEART OF NEW ENGLAND

Sea-blue eyes that gleam and glisten,
Lips that sing — and you like to listen —
A swaggering song; it might be this one,
“Hey! Jolly Roger, O!”

THE WALL

"Something there is that does n't love a wall"

ROBERT FROST

"Not love a wall!"

I sit above the meadow in the glowing fall,
Tracing the gray redoubt from square to
square

That bounds the acres harvest-ripe and fair,
And wonder if it's true?

Nay! Ask the sumac and the teeming vine
That lean upon the boulders;

The crimsoning ivy and the wild woodbine,
Whose eager fingers clutch the stony shoulders;

The golden-rod, the aster, and the rue.

Ask the red squirrel with the chubby cheek
Skipping from stone to stone

By a quick route, his hidden hoard to seek,
Making the little viaduct his own.

Look where the woodchuck lifts a cautious
head

Between the rocks, close by the cabbage bed;

HEART OF NEW ENGLAND

The honey-bees have built a secret hive
In a forgotten chink;

And there a gray cocoon is tucked away,
Shrouding a miracle of mauve and pink
To wait its Easter Day.

The wall with pageantry is all alive.

And I who gaze

On the dark border here,
Drawn like a ribbon round the pasture-ways,
Embroidered with the glory of the year —
What is the wall to me?

Has it no beauty more than eyes can see?

Lo, I remember how in days of old

A grandsire toiled with weariness and pain
To dig the clumsy boulders from the mould;

Piled them in ordered rows again,
Fitting them firm and fast,

A monument to last

Long after his own harried day was past.

He cleared the rocky soil for corn and
grain

By which his children thrive

THE WALL

To carry on the race.

We live by his life-giving.

I see each stone, rough like his granite face —

Uncompromising, stern, no slave to love,

Dowered with little grace,

Grim with the hard, unjoyful task of living;

But strong to stand the wrath of storm and time,

And bolts that heaven lets fall.

Built of a patriot's prime —

How well I love the wall!

HAMPTON TOWN

THE Hampton marshes to the sea
Stretch out a colored tapestry;
A woven, iridescent gleam,
Patterned with many a sea-filled stream,
Where dips the heron silently.

Above the Hampton meadows soar
Wisps of a quaint, forgotten lore,
Wild legends of another day,
Sea-born and salty, like the spray
Flung from the great tusks of the Boar.

And as I wander down the street
Of Hampton Town with loitering feet,
A fragrance breathes from gardens old,
Drawn from the centuries of mould,
Thyme, bleeding-heart, and bitter-sweet.

The ghosts of lovely ladies rise,
With terror in their haunted eyes;

HAMPTON TOWN

Witches and redskins, soldiers grim;
Pirate and Puritan — oath and hymn —
All in a web whose threads I share.

The Hampton pines these legends know,
And gossip them in whispers low.
They spin an eerie charm that twines
About the lovely Place of Pines,
To blood that throbs from long ago.

THE OLD GARDEN

I CHANCED upon the little bowered retreat
For the first time, and never shall forget
The spell of tangled mystery! The wet
Bejeweled leaves like fingers curled to meet
My childish hand; the unimagined sweet
Of briar, heliotrope, and mignonette;
The tang of box, and quainter blossoms set
By mazy paths for liliputian feet.

High walls of hollyhock and morning-glory
Concealed the ancient house with gables wide;
Shut out the world of swift and merry hours.
In the long silence of a fairy-story
My heart stood still. Then, at a turn I spied
My Mother, smiling at the other flowers.

GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE

GRANDMOTHER'S house is far away.
You take the train and you ride all day,
Till you come to a meadow beside the sea,
As green and still as a place can be.

In a little white room is a little white bed;
The pillow is sweet where you lay your head;
And all around is the scent of rose,
That breathes wherever Grandmother goes.

Down in the meadow the crickets trill
As if they thought it was daytime still;
“*Cheep! Cheep! Cheep! Cheep!*
 Cheepy, cheepy! Cheep! Cheep!”
Oh, how can a body go to sleep?

All alone you lie and hark
To the curious sounds that come in the dark;
For the wall says “*Crick!*” And the floor
 goes “*Creak!*”
Then out in the hall is a rustle and squeak.

HEART OF NEW ENGLAND

A wee voice cries and is still again;
Then Something taps on the window-pane.
There's a whispering in the tree outside,
And a sigh, that Grandmother *says* is the tide.

Grandmother's house is nice by day,
But at night you seem very far away.
And the noise of the quiet is so loud,
It bothers you more than the noise of a
crowd.

GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN

THIS was the garden that Grandmother made,
Here in the filtering sunlight and shade.
Here grew the delicate, old-fashioned posies,
Columbine, larkspur, cinnamon roses,
Balsam and lavender, briar and box,
Pale mignonette and chintz hollyhocks;
Neatest of paths for the tiniest feet,
Wandering, wavering, all through the sweet.
And there, quite the prettiest blossom of all,
Mother went tiptoeing when she was small.

This is the garden that Grandmother made —
New buds to open as older ones fade.
With her wee waterpot making the showers,
My mother dallied with *her* mother's flowers;
Quaint little figure with cheeks like a rose,
Starched pantalettes and slippers with bows;
Bonny brown hair and a bonnet of straw,
And the merriest eyes that the sun ever saw.
But for Grandmother's garden and all that
was in it,
Why, where should *I* be this blessed minute?

THE FRIGHTENED PATH

THE wood grew very quiet
As the road made a sudden turn;
Then a wavering, furtive path crept out
From the tangled briar and fern.

“Where does it lead?” I asked the child;
She shivered and shook her head.
“It does n’t *lead* to any place,
It is running away!” she said.

“It is running away on tiptoe
Through the untrodden grass,
To join the cheerful highroad,
Where real, live people pass.

“It runs from a heap of ruins
Where a home stood in old days;
But nothing living goes there now,
And — Nothing Living stays!”

DEVIL'S GOLD

A HAMPTON LEGEND

THE General rolled in a coach-and-four,
His head held high in pride;
And Mary, who should have married me,
Cowered in silk at his side.

The mud of the General's chariot-wheels
Grimed me, plodding by;
But I saw a doom on his pallid face,
And met the fear in her eye.

For well she knew — as I know now,
As neighbors guessed full well —
He had sold his soul for a bootful of gold
To the Devil himself from Hell.

.

He called from the hearth of his paneled hall
To the Fiend on the chimney-crown;
His jack-boot stood in the chimney-place,
And the gold came pouring down.

HEART OF NEW ENGLAND

The gold poured down in a tinkling flood,
And covered the great hall floor;
But the General roared to the Devil above —
“Nay! more! and more! and more!”

For the great jack-boot was never filled
Till the gold lay three-foot thick;
The bargainer had cut the toe,
And fooled the Fiend by the trick.

But the lady shivered in the dark
At the roar of the General's mirth;
While brimstone flashes seared the roof,
And the Fiend's wrath shook the earth.

.

I read in the face of the smitten man
As he passed me on that day,
And in the haunted lady's eye —
That his hour was near to *pay*.

And when we bore the General's bier
To his proud tomb up the road,
Ten of the sturdiest lads in town
Staggered beneath the load.

DEVIL'S GOLD

Ten of the sturdiest lads in town
Turned pale as lime-bleached bones
When their burden dropped and the cover
loosed;
The coffin was filled with stones!

My Mary fled from the haunted house
To toil as a poor man's wife;
For not one pound of her widow's wealth
Would I suffer to curse our life.

The only dower she brought away
Was the terrible tale she told;
And our children bred in a humble home
Are marked with the hate of gold.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

UPON a little rise it stands alone,
Dark and forbidding, where three cross-
roads meet;
The dim, fierce windows frown upon the
street
From walls with mould and mosses overgrown.

Pink hollyhocks group idly at the door,
And bend above the latch with prying eyes,
Or shake their heads and whisper, gossip-
wise,
Secrets that trouble living hearts no more.

The rusty hinges give a warning scream;
The jealous panels shudder as they swing.
About my face the dusty cobwebs cling,
Soft as the shadow-fingers of a dream.

There is a window looking to the sea;
The small, cracked panes are blurred as if
with tears.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

Here long ago a young bride felt the fears
That even now creep coldly over me.

Here trembling still she sat, yet made no
moan,
But felt an unseen presence fill the door,
And heard a light step steal across the
floor,
And shrank beneath a touch that chilled her
own. . . .

Once more I pass the hall, the dim oak stair.
A sudden gust breathes down, a tremulous
sigh;
A silken rustle lightly whispers by;
A fragrance as of roses fills the air.

ROSE PERENNIAL

THE worn gray slab yet lies before
What once was a thrifty farmer's door;
Now roofless cellar and scattered stones
Show skeleton hopes with time-picked bones.
Here backed against a crumbling wall
Still blooms at bay, unpruned and tall,
A soil-disdaining moss-rose bush,
The delicate buds in faintest flush,
Clutched by the brambles and woodbine,
Whose envious fingers tear and twine.

There was the huge barn; here the yard,
Where the grim farmer labored hard
From dawn to dark, and never knew
A dream beyond the crops he grew,
The stock he raised, the silver store
Under the loose board in the floor.

To and fro, to and fro,
The feet of his little wife would go,

ROSE PERENNIAL

All day long and half the night,
Up a flight and down a flight;
Pantry to kitchen, pen to barn,
Cellar to garret with loom of yarn;
In to the babies, out to the men,
Down to the pasture and back again.
Farms were never planned, you find,
To save the steps of womenkind.

One can trudge and drudge through a long
 life's course,
If she discover a hidden source
To seek when the spirit is faint and dry.

Here was her rosebush growing high,
That he never knew — for he never cared;
This was her joy no mortal shared.
Her hands were never too stiff or tired
To foster beauty the soul desired;
The first shy green, the venturesome shoot,
Flushing sap from the sturdy root,
Moss-veiled bud and passionate bloom;
Scarlet hips for the winter gloom.

HEART OF NEW ENGLAND

Never too worn the busy feet,
Never too dull the old heart's beat,
For a furtive trip to the little shrine
That made the moment a pause divine.

Here by the bush one glimpsed the Hills,
Where forests crooned and ran free rills;
One breathed deep draughts from a wind-
swept sky,
Sunset, moonglow, mystery.

This was her rosebush by the wall.
Gone is the farmer, farm and all;
Gone herd and crops and silver store.
The children grown return no more
To the hearth deserted, the loveless place,
Haunted by one enduring grace;
A dream of beauty, torn with briar,
Clutched in vain as it reaches higher.

SCARECROW

RAGS and tags of what he was,
Topped with straw and stuffed with hay;
Balanced tipsily askew,
It grins to scare the crows away.

I saw *Him* first in that old hat —
It seemed the crown of a king to me.
I liked his careless swagger then;
Lord! He was straight and fine to see.

He courted me in that same coat —
He could n't meet it now, I guess.
That gay vest was the one he wore
When I walked bride in my silver dress.

He seemed as proud as I, those days.
I never dreamed, when we were wed,
I'd think the Scarecrow a better man,
With a broom for a spine and a pumpkin
head.

HEART OF NEW ENGLAND

Rags and tags of what he seemed,
Mocking me in the field all day.
What can I make a scarecrow of,
To drive the hungry thoughts away?

INSPIRATION

LIFE — Death in a drop of dew;
And a prism to sift a sunbeam through.

Fragile, perfect, briefly bright,
A tremulous miracle of light;

Beauty poised on a flower-tip;
A whole round world for a Thrush to sip!

A WASTED MORNING

I WASTED a morning!

Where? And why?

I let swift hours go silently by,
As I lay at the foot of an ancient tree,
And let God's universe talk to me.

Wind and shadow, cloud and bird,
Spoke each to my heart a musical word.
The little brown cone that fell on my cheek,
The squirrel who mocked with an impudent
 squeak,
The golden mushroom brimmed with death,
The twin-flower blessing the air with its
 breath;
Old spider spinning above my head
A magical dream with her rainbow thread;
The liliput vases of moss below;
The sudden caw of a picket crow;
The rhythmical green of a supple snake
Quivering into a lair of brake;

A WASTED MORNING

The grumbling bee, the whispering pine —
What need had they for a word of mine?
They lived the poem; they wove the spell
No tongue could utter, no phrases tell;
And a human voice could but disgrace
The eloquent stillness of the place.

So I lay at the foot of the ancient tree,
And let God's free verse sing to me.

CIPHERS

Oh, to be a wonder-child
And read the cipher of the wild!

A starry-splintered alphabet
In the ancient rocks is set,
Spelling, if one held the key,
All creation's history.
Cryptic messages I trace
Etched on many a flower-face;
Graven symbols score the pines,
The birches wear mysterious signs —
Perhaps the wistful diary
Of the Dryad in her tree.

On the open page of snow
Curious hieroglyphics show,
Dots and dashes, twist and thrust,
Carven in the crystal crust;
Marks of furred and feathered things
With furtive feet or startled wings —

CIPHERS

Comic secrets of the dark,
Silent tragedy and stark.

Ciphers, ciphers everywhere,
In the sky, the wave, the air!
On the faces that one meets
Adrift upon the eddying streets;
On the near and dear, that change
With lines inscrutable and strange —
Palimpsests that time has wrought
With the signs of hidden thought,
Dreams unguessed and griefs unsaid,
Passionate yearning unbetrayed.

Ah, could Love but find and own
Nature's old Rosetta Stone!

PINE MUSIC

A HUNDRED years I seek the stars
Through tempest, heat, and cold;
My body scarred by many scars,
My spirit wisely old.

Yet the eternal song I sing,
From sun and shadow made,
Is lisped as sweetly every spring
By the least flowers that fade.

MAIDS AND MUSHROOMS

ODDLY fashioned, quaintly dyed,
In the wood the mushrooms hide;
Rich and meaty, full of flavor,
Made for man's delicious savor.
But he shudders and he shrinks
At the piquant mauves and pinks.
Who is brave enough to dare
Curious shapes and colors rare,
Dainties in peculiar dresses,
Fairy-rings and inky messes?
Something sinister must be
In the strange variety.
It is better not to know;
Safer but to peer — and go.

So the mushrooms dry and fade,
Like full many a blooming maid,
With her dower of preciousness
Hid too well for men to guess.

MAIDS AND MUSHROOMS

But the toadstools bright and yellow
Tempt and poison many a fellow,
With their flaunting beauty bright,
The bold promise of delight.
Taste and suffer, ache and burn;
Generations do not learn!

Nay, a little mushroom study
Would not injure anybody.

IN THE DARK

IN the dark I lie and think
Of the glory in a day;
Of the sunshine and the shade,
All the color soft or gay.

I can see it better now
As I lie with curtained eyes.
Oh, the rainbow and the moon;
Oh, the opal of the skies!

How the poppies glow and thrill,
How the pigeon-feathers shine!
I will weave them into dreams,
I will make them ever mine.

All the wonder of a wave,
All the magic of a tree —
I shall wear them in my soul
When these eyes no longer see.

GARDEN THOUGHTS

SOME of us are roses,
Some of us are weeds;
All of us began in clay,
Silent little seeds.

Some of us are flaunting,
Some of us are shy;
All of us have roots in earth,
Faces to the sky.

Some give joy by living,
Some leave fragrance, dead;
Thorns and spines and ugliness
May yield balm or bread.

Twisted, seared and stunted,
Radiant, sweet and glad;
Who shall say that one is "good"
And another "bad"?

THE PASSER-BY

IN the fragrant, moonlit night,
Without a thought of fear,
I wakened in my seaward room
And felt a Presence near.

The open window glowed,
And suddenly I knew
That Some One was out walking
Above the summer dew.

The tall pines held their breath,
And the little cedar trees,
With all the grasses in the field,
Were kneeling on their knees.

Beyond the dunes the sea
Was like a silver floor,
For Some One's holy feet to cross
Out of a foreign shore.

HEART OF NEW ENGLAND

Then lo! Above the trees

A halo, round and bright!

No more I saw of One who passed

All silent in the night.

FROST

HARK to a call in the late September night,
From the little garden-close crying—crying!
As the cold stars watch from their safe, un-
troubled height,
Faintly breathes the scented prayer —
“Help! We are dying!”

Who would invade the sisterhood of flowers,
In their cloistered innocence fresh and
gently gay?
What so cruel foe would dare profane the
hours,
To fright the tender sleeping buds and
steal their peace away?

Hark! The wistful cry again! Wafted o'er
the grasses
Comes the trembling fragrance, a sigh from
hearts of gold.

HEART OF NEW ENGLAND

Something sly and sinister in the shadow
passes;

Shivering draw the covers close, the blood
runs cold!

Lo, in the morning, the bleak and hoary
morning,

Desolate the garden where the white foe
crept;

Wall or moat no bar to him, come without a
warning,

Capturing the pretty ones helpless where
they slept.

Cruel was the touch of him, blighting was his
breath,

Beauty shrank before him, but found no
place to hide.

Fragile, piteous martyrs coldly done to death,
Was there none to answer when your sweet
souls cried?

WINTER SONG

BECAUSE I sang in April
With magic in the air,
Must I be sad and silent now
When winter boughs are bare?

My heart is not a songster
That waits upon the spring,
But while there is a blessed sky
And friendly earth, I sing!

For evergreen my joy is,
Like any cedar tree;
It makes a tune of ice and snow
And whispers it to me.

TANAGER

SCARLET BIRD!

Whence have you fluttered into my green
gloom,

My sleepy solitude, on quiet wing,
Your voice unheard?

Why do you linger there upon the tree,
And still forbear to sing,

As if your message were a silent doom?

O torch of fire;

Enkindled at the flame of heart's desire,
In some enchanted land! O wingèd rose,
Blown from the living garden of delight!

O flash of joy

Deliriously bright,

Escaping from the heart of some fierce boy,
Or girl who thrills and glows!

O dream incarnadine

Out of the jeweled past; red rapture that was
mine!

Why sent to torture me?

TANAGER

You cut the shadow like an open wound;
The forest bleeds with your intensity,
In a mysterious anguish unrelieved by sound.

And when you flit away,
Back to your radiant realm, your vivid day,
And shivering I shall gaze
Down the dim alley empty of your blaze,
The darkness will be darker evermore,
The silence stiller than it was before.
Then faded peace will brood —
A moment stirred
In the transfigured wood,
O scarlet bird!

SONG

Oh, yes, I love you still, my lad,
For that is woman's way;
A whole life long of tenderness
For the fancy of a day.

I gave you golden loyalty
And starry faith to wear.
You gave me pearls that were my tears,
And silver in my hair.

You gave me something less than good,
I gave the best I had.
But yes — the man I thought you were,
I love him still, my lad.

THE KNOCK

DID you knock at the door, my Dear?
Knock, and I fail to hear?

Was I so eager to bind my hair,
And fasten a flower to make me fair;
Study a book that I might be wise,
Or make you a song for a sweet surprise?

Mixing a cake,
Saying a prayer,
All for your sake,
All for your care —
So busily happy I did not hear
When you knocked, my Dear!

Will you pass to another door,
And knock at my own no more?

Shall I listen and wait and long,
No more laughter, no more song?

HEART OF NEW ENGLAND

But still with the faded rose in my hair,
Still on my lips the tremulous prayer;
 Till the fire goes out
 To a single spark,
 Ending the doubt;
 And in empty dark,
Shall I sit and hear
The knock, knock, knock of my heart? My
 Dear!

AN OLD-WORLD CONVENT GARDEN

WALLED quiet from the din,
So near, of worldly strife;
A cloistered peace within,
A life apart from life.
Shrines bowered in roses sweet,
And in a hidden dell
Worn by accustomed feet,
A holy well.

Along the ancient wall
Fruit basking in the sun;
Flowers radiant and tall —
A coquette every one.
Bees busy on the stalks,
Birds mating in the weeds —
Here a pale Sister walks,
Telling her beads.

High walls to shut aside
The world's dear bliss and care!

HEART OF NEW ENGLAND

O Birds, your nestlings hide

In sanctuary there.

High walls to her, to me —

But ah! to wings, how low;

Blest little Birds, quite free

To come — and go!

A SEPTEMBER BIRTHDAY IN
BRITTANY

FOR C. N. B.

WHO counts the foolish years?

This Brittany of ours,

With all her gathered hopes and fears,

Her scroll of smiles and tears,

Is young, amid her sweet, perennial flowers.

About the lone, deserted shrines

Carol melodious songsters of to-day;

Weaving their modern spell

Through Carnac's mighty lines

The sun-burned children play,

Knowing, perchance, the ancient secret well.

Above the buried Ys,

Stout fishers in their rainbow shallops ply;

Gazing into the azure depths they sigh,

Dreaming of fair Dahut, and brighter realms

than this,

Longing to feel her kiss.

HEART OF NEW ENGLAND

But homely love is waiting them ashore;
Soon they will sigh no more.

Joy of the present, full of light and life,
Faith of the future years, with promise
 rife —

Belovèd of the sea,
How young is Brittany!

Who marks the months' retreat?

It is not fall when roses are abloom,
When strawberries are sweet,
And snowy, great magnolias breathe per-
 fume.

This bright September day,
With radiant sky and balmy airs at play,
Renewing joy in every living thing,
Is Spring! Is Spring!

And so with you, dear Mother! Heart of
 youth,

Wise in your dreaming, soul of mystery,
Tender in faith and truth.

Lo, in your gentle hands you hold the key
Of Spring eternal, of the spirit's prime;

SEPTEMBER BIRTHDAY IN BRITTANY

You make a slave of time.

With his malicious fears,

And as this *spring* day brightly

Clasps like a gem the threaded years

You wear so lightly,

Who shall seek to sum them,

Admiring still how sweetly you become
them?

Vitré

September 3, 1913

THE BLAZED TRAIL

Just when the path is lost to me,
 Bewildered wanderer in the maze,
Upon some unexpected tree
 I spy the Woodman's blaze;

A mystic rune of sight or sound,
 A message quick from sense to soul,
That lifts the spirit from the ground
 And speeds it to the goal.

A wind-flower nodding by an oak
 Has given assurance from afar;
Once in the dark a fragrance spoke,
 And once it was a star.

The silver fluting of a thrush;
 The bursting of a sunken flame;
A sigh of wind, a sudden hush —
 Out of the depths I came.

THE BLAZED TRAIL

A burning challenge to despair
 Flashed from an idly-open book;
A small dumb creature's silent prayer,
 A friend's revealing look;

And all the doubtful horrors fade,
 The weary heart leaps up again.
Through tangled thickets in the shade,
 The Trail shows broad and plain.

BUT THERE ARE WINGS

“How big it is, the Blueness everywhere!”
Between two seas, her playtime scarce begun,
Trembles the shy, bewildered little one.
Above her roll the shoreless depths of air
Reflected in her azure eyes; and there
Close to her feet in thunderous fury run
The crowding waters, peacock in the sun,
That fling a salty threat upon her hair.

“But there are wings!” They brood against
the sky,
A cloudy wonder; while upon the deep
She sees them dip and flutter, far and near.
“The same kind wings that shelter one
asleep!”
So, drawing reassurance in a sigh,
She digs the treacherous sand without a fear.

SAFE?

IF I but set my casement high
Where none peer in at me,
I shall look only at the sky
And the fair top of the tree.

I shall forget the sorry things
The swallows do not tell;
I shall not see the wounded wings
Of the little bird that fell.

And if below there crawls a road,
Where dusty travelers go,
Groaning beneath a weary load —
Why, I shall never know.

I can pretend there is no sin,
No pain and misery,
If I gaze out where none look in
To read the heart of me.

THE UP-HILL STREET

THERE's a lane through grassy meadows,
There's a turnpike to the sea,
There's a trail across the mountain
Which is very dear to me.
There's a shady, quiet roadway
On the border of the town;
There are footpaths going blithely
Up the little hills and down.
And oh! I love the highroads
My happy feet have pressed.
But walk at evening, walk at morn,
There's one I love the best.

It is a narrow city street
That clambers with a will
Between two ragged cliffs of brick
Upon a windy hill.
I see it from my window,
I watch it every day
Slope to the level sky-verge
Whereon it melts away;

THE UP-HILL STREET

While etched across the picture
 Stands straight and strong and tall,
The oak tree that I planted
 When I was very small.

Above, a narrow sky-way
 The houses frame for me;
Beyond, across the city —
 Though I can hardly see —
I know the blue bay opens,
 With towering blocks between;
I feel, I smell, I hear it
 When winds blow east and keen!
And I have dwelt here always;
 A child I saw it climb,
The quaint, forgotten byway,
 Unmarked by change or time.

How often have I trod it!
 Each brick and stone I know!
Each little rise and hollow
 Though hidden under snow.
And looking from my window
 I almost think to see

HEART OF NEW ENGLAND

A childish figure climbing —
The little shade of Me.
But as I watch her, smiling —
The child who once was I —
My Fancy climbs the little hill
And merges in the sky.

CITY SMOKE

Oh, the smoke of the city!
Pouring in columns black and thick;
 Swooping, a nightmare bird of prey,
From a hideous eyrie of iron and brick,
 Obscuring the day;
Sinister, greasy, noisome, vile,
 Spoiling the delicate, fouling the pure,
Creeping like sorrowful sin or guile
 Through tiniest cranny and lock secure.
The rosiest chamber reeks with its breath,
And the dens already besmirched with death.
It broods impartial, sullyng all,
Palace, tenement, hovel and hall;
Beauty's ruin and Nature's ban,
Price of the fierce, packed struggle of man.
Grim smoke hovering without pity,
Over the city.

Oh, the smoke of the city!
Rising and rolling a magical stream,
 Spreading and wavering higher and higher;

HEART OF NEW ENGLAND

Bright with the opaline colors of dream,
A torrent of beauty, a cloud of desire.
Delicate gossamer rags float free,
Drifting into eternity,
Washed with radiance, purged and clean,
All-escaping, ethereal, new;
Vision of poets sublime, serene,
Etching the blue;
Life transfigured by hope again,
Prize of the dear, near loving of men.
Glorified smoke, like a halo of pity,
Over the city.

GREEN CROSSES

AT the back of the pompous houses,
Above the beautiful river-way,
A row of squalid barrels
Blush at themselves in the morning light.
From one grotesquely leaning,
Dusty and scarred
Amid the dead, forgotten slag and ashes,
A fir-tree thrusts its live, protesting fingers —
Crosses of green.
About it still cling a few silver cobwebs,
Rags of its brief splendor.
It was the Christmas Tree
That graced the cheerful drawing-room
A little while;
That blessed the comfortable house with its
 fragrance,
And with its symbols of love,
The small green crosses.

A pinched, pale child with hungry eyes,
Ragged and wolfish, but with wisps of glory

HEART OF NEW ENGLAND

Still haloing her hair,
Comes with her bag of rubbish.
Her eyes brighten;
She sets down her heavy burden,
She forgets the cold as she picks at the little
tree,
Plucks eagerly at the fragile cobwebs;
They are so silvery few!
But they do not go into the heavy sack.
Her thin, blue fingers snap one of the green
crosses;
She twists the tinsel thread about it,
And sticks it in her breast.
Then she shoulders her bundle of trash,
And stumbles away, smiling.

The green crosses, alive in the dust!
The Christmas Tree!
The evergreen tree whose roots are cut —
On the dump it will die!

The Christmas Tree!
What if this ornament of brief holidays,

GREEN CROSSES

This plaything of a favored few,
This strong, slow-murdered creature of pure
 woods,
With its green crosses,
Were really growing!
If it were rooted in the hearts
Of Christendom!
How different a world would see this sunny
 morning!
No war; no hate;
No want nor selfishness;
No ragged children, starved for tinsel joys,
Furtively clutching at rejected beauty
On a forgotten cross,
The green cross of Love.

THE MYSTIC CIRCLE

EIGHT lusty bell-ringers
In the loft of the campanile;
Eight quick-eyed, firm-muscled, clean-lipped
 lads,
Forming a mystic circle,
Poised a-tiptoe,
Hands above heads,
Waiting.
Eight stout ropes mysteriously pending
From the unrevealing, dusty rafters.
The bells are poised for the peal,
Though they remain unseen,
Waiting.

The magic word is spoken by the leader —
“*She’s* off!” (The unmistakable English
 accent.)

The treble bell gives signal first,
The racing merry scales descend.
The cue is flashed from eye to eye;

THE MYSTIC CIRCLE

The Bob-major double,
An intricate combination of sequences,
A miracle of mathematics resolved into
 sound;
A psalm of joy!
While the sturdy arms pull in ordered eager-
 ness,
And the bright eyes shine.

The Bells!
Their tongues are loosed.
The charm of the mystic circle has made
 them animate,
Has lifted the enchantment of silence
And given sound to their joy.
In the tower above the young men,
(So near, unseen,)
They shout till the rafters ring;
A revel of frank, untrammelled spirits,
Like innocent children with clear, full voices,
Merry, unrestrained, irresponsible.
A somersaulting group of eight,
Praises God in mirth.

HEART OF NEW ENGLAND

Still farther above,
High in the vault of the church,
Revealed in ethereal, vibrating overtones,
Like the whirring of great wings,
The heavenly choir chanting *Te Deum*
Join in the song;
The Angels of the Bells,
Tender intermediaries between earth and
 heaven,
Breathing holy gladness, singing ineffable
 praise.

Above, above again,
Far above the pointed spire,
Above the seething city and the sinning world,
Above the singing in the hearts of men,
The clamor of bells, the choiring of angels —
Silence.
The eternal harmony of all sound,
The caught-up commingled praises of cre-
 ation,
Blended into quiet,
The Silence that is God:

THE MYSTIC CIRCLE

God listening; God approving; God the Father
of Joy,
Blessing His angels and His bells,
Blessing the ringers with rapt faces,
Tense, devotional,
Who consummate the ritual of sound
In a religious office.

Eight young men
In a mystic circle,
Whose center is the center of the universe,
God.

SONG OF THE BOOKWORM

Who would long for wings to wander
Over sea or mountains yonder?
Who would hang on risky pinion,
And become the breezes' minion,
When the spirit, birdlike, hovers,
Borne between two leathern covers?
These are wings a fay might sigh for,
Or a chubby cherub cry for!

So the dusty Bookworm quivers
Into life; the cocoon shivers,
Bursts into a world of glory,
Borne on tinted wings of story,
Poesy, romance or fairy —
Wings of book-leaves thin and airy;
Floats and flutters off, away,
To Avonside or far Cathay.

There is no land so strange, so far,
From pole to pole, from star to star,

SONG OF THE BOOKWORM

But he may visit passage free,
No duty, fare or grudging fee.
Hey for Egypt! Ho for Arden!
Mowgli's jungle, Omar's garden!
None shall limit, none can stay,
When the Bookworm flits away!

THE BOOKS I OUGHT TO READ

ON dusty shelves in serried ranks they stand,
Reproachful thousands, quaint, and grave
and great.

My guilty conscience hears their mute com-
mands,
Yet day by day — they wait.

Their army grows more deadly every year;
Their captain-names I cannot call to mind.
A friend amid the order would, I fear,
Be very hard to find.

But to a corner shelf by most forgot,
I steal, and to my conscience pay no heed,
With boon companions dear. Yet these are
not
The books I ought to read!

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE

FEBRUARY 12, 1916

WIZARD of youth! How many years,
Since first we felt the story-spell,
Your name has thrilled the childish ears
That knew your magic well.

Dear noble head of snowy hair,
Face with the sunglow; keen, kind eyes;
Presence erect and debonair,
Heart generous and wise.

No more our Poet walks the land!
Your mellow voice no more is heard.
Oh, for the warm clasp of your hand,
The friendly, precious word!

But in the hearts whose love you share,
In countless friends you never met,
In the world's childhood everywhere
Your life is singing yet.

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE

Your merry quips; your thought's pure gold;
Your knightly quest and champion cry;
The songs you sang, the tales you told —
Their echoes do not die.

They make a part of what we are,
Of all the best we think and do.
The land you loved is better far
Because her youth loved you!

THE JOY-VENDER

GIOVANNI CARBONE, lame and old,
Has a struggling bunch of balloons to hold;
Balloons like giant, luscious grapes,
With shiny skins and the roundest shapes.
They dodge and tug to get away,
Like children, peevish at control.

Early and late the patient soul
Smiling and nodding keeps his stand,
On a corner where the breezes play,
And the child-parade goes by each day;
For windmills whirl in his other hand.
Petaled windmills of every hue
Known to his native, opal land,
Busily, dizzily whiz and whirl,
Making rosettes of rainbow blur,
Too bewildering to be true.
Giovanni guards the corner well;
A kindly wizard, ready to sell
For a tiny bit of sordid money
A gaudy joy, when the day is sunny.

HEART OF NEW ENGLAND

Flimsy joys! Just pretty toys,
Fragile and useless anywhere;
Except to little girls and boys
Empty and meaningless as air!

How babies love the foolish things!
Their chubby, mittened hands they reach,
Pout rosy lips in lisping speech,
Coaxing the wizard with wrinkled face
To part with his treasure,
The joys that have wings.
He is willing enough, for a nickel or two —
And what is a nickel to me or you?
He grins and nods with an artist's grace,
Pleased with the little ones' guileless pleasure.

He airily pockets the proffered pence,
Tethers his wares to the iron fence.
With gentle fingers he ties the strings
To proud small buttons; he thrusts a wand —
A fairy wand — in a baby hand.
“*Va bene!*”

Off to a Wonderland!

THE JOY-VENDER

Giovanni Carbone! No wonder you grin,
With your burning eye set in parchment
skin;

Purveyor of dreams for the innocent;
Maker of 'laughter rather than pain;
Vender of perfect, rounded content.

I envy you again and again
Your job and your bit of wonder-money,
And your breezy stand, when the day is
sunny.

THE SPARROW

LITTLE bird of dusty brown,
Why do you stay here in town,
In the noise and dirt and heat
Hopping in the ugly street?
Other songsters choose to go
Where the grass and clovers grow,
Where the dew is on the hill
And the shady woods are still;
Where the baby rivers skip,
And the cool green mosses drip.
There to-morrow I shall be!
Sparrow, do you envy me?

Saucy bird, alert and quick,
Lingering on stone and brick —
Little children linger too,
Who perhaps are fond of you;
Pale and pitiful to see,
Sick and sorry too, maybe.
They can dream, but never stray
Where the ferns and daisies play.

THE SPARROW

All the sultry summer through
They will hear no bird but you,
Cheap and common, sharp and shrill,
Chirping, chirping, chirping still,
Picking bugs and crumbs and things.
Yet — you have the gift of wings!
They can see you dart and fly
Free and high to tree and sky —
Only little comrade given
Who can bring them news of heaven!

Sparrow, though I run away,
Is that why you choose to stay?

SYLVIA

SYLVIA is always gay.

When she winged to earth one day,
Through the wonders of the sky,
She caught a star as she flew by,
Green and gold and amethyst,
In her tiny baby fist,
And hid it in her little breast
As a secret unconfessed.

Like a jeweled lantern she
Shines for all the world to see.
In her eyes the sparkle beams,
From her burnished hair it gleams;
Radiant all she does and says,
All her pretty, twinkling ways —
Just because she dared to leaven
Lifetime with a bit of heaven.
Sylvia! Without your spark,
Oh, the journey would be dark.

THE PLUME

“HERE is a gift,” the Brownie said,
As something fell on the little maid’s head —
“A golden feather with silver bars
Of the Faraway Bird who sings to the stars;
A beautiful plume to use as you will,
Fortunate friend on top of the hill!
Fasten it into your curly hair;
Love will follow and find you fair.
Put it into the Magi’s hands;
They will pay you with gold and lands.
Feather a shaft with the magic thing,
And bring down Fame with a crippled wing.
Other wonders the plume can do,
But I would n’t bother, if I were you!”

Now the queer little maid on top of the hill
Clipped the plume to a scratchy quill —
The golden feather with silver bars
Of the Faraway Bird who sings to the stars!
She wrote and wrote, all night, all day,
The curious things it made her say —

HEART OF NEW ENGLAND

Wonder-tales and whimsical rhymes,
Faraway deeds from faraway times,
Told for the clamorous boys and girls,
With bangs and braids, with clips and curls.
The children laughed and clapped and cried —
“Tell it again! Tell more beside!”
Then the queer little maid was proud and glad,
And this was the good of the gift she had —
The magical plume of the Faraway Bird.

But the Brownie sighed, for never a word
To the busy house on the hilltop came
Of flattering love, or wealth, or fame.

THE WOODSY ONES

HEAR them creeping, creeping, creeping,
 through the mosses and the brush,
The Woodsy Ones whom I can never see!
Now they snap a twig and falter,
 now they laugh and whisper “Hush!”
As they dodge their little heads behind a
 tree.

Hear them dancing, dancing, dancing,
 in the grass when I’m abed,
And singing at my window in the moon!
Oh, the fairy music bubbles
 in my dizzy little head,
And I drift away to Nothing all too soon!

THE WEE KNITTER

Click! Click! Click!

Hark to the needles knitting fast
Of the wee Knitter in the sun.
Over the fairy finger-tips are cast
Gossamer threads by an old witch-
spider spun
In her den at the heart of a flower
In a moonlit hour.

Click! Click! Click!

The wee small Knitter is all in green,
With thistledown hair,
And petal-shoon on her silver toes
That she swings in the air,
From her perch on a tremulous rose,
Knitting unseen.

Click! Click! Click!

The slender needles of the pine
Flash spicy fragrance as they go,
To and fro,

THE WEE KNITTER

In the sweet sunshine,
Knitting a secret few can know,
Of magical meshes none may spy
With a mortal eye.

Click! Click! Click!

A fairy laugh rings clear and wild,
As eagerly the needles knit,
Knot by knot and bit by bit,
A purse invisible to hold
Not gold —
But a bit of luck for a human child.

Do you hear, do you hear, O Fortunate
One,
The wee small Knitter in the sun?
Click! Click! Click!

A CHARM SAID UNDER AN OAK

Deus Robur Meus.

OAK, with thy straightness,

Oak, with thy wholeness,

Oak, with thy brightness,

Hearten me! Aid me!

Rooted in passionate earth,

Crowned in ethereal blue,

Breathing ineffable love,

Shelter me! Shade me!

With thy sweet strength,

With thy cool peace,

With thy green joy,

Touch me and thrill me!

Spirit of patience,

Spirit of courage,

Spirit of wisdom,

Cover me! Fill me!

Balm-giving oak,

Force-giving oak,

A CHARM SAID UNDER AN OAK

Self-giving oak,

Inspire and elate me!

Lovely green tree of life,

Happy tall tree of hope,

Holy great tree of good,

Oh, consecrate me!

Deus Robur Meus.

FAIRY RING

I STEPPED within the fairy ring,
Where it was green, so green.
Then I heard the trill of a fairy bell,
And the song of the Fairy Queen.

The secret that she murmured me,
To the trill of the fairy bell,
Was sweet, so sweet you'd not believe,
If I should try to tell.

But step you too in the fairy ring,
And hold fast to my hand;
Then we may hear a lovelier thing,
And both will understand.

DANGEROUS PASSING

Who ventures to the Magic Wood?

Who dares the moonlit way,
Full perilous in the silver flood,
Though safe enough by day?

Who brushes through the mystic dew
To hear the flute of Pan,
And spy upon our dancing crew?
Beware, O Maid, O Man!

The Wee Folk lurk behind the trees
And ambush in the fern;
Our mischief whispers in the breeze —
Ye Trespassers, return!

Enchanted, each to each shall seem
Transfigured and divine;
Your faces with strange beauty gleam,
Your lips hold maddening wine.

HEART OF NEW ENGLAND

You shall forget for what you seek;
Careless of all about,
Hand clasped to hand and cheek to cheek,
Sport for the elfin rout.

We tangle never to be free
The feet that tread too far.
Beware the moonlight witchery,
The magic of a star!

THE DRYAD

I WAS a Dryad cloistered in a tree,
Nor knew it for a cell, so close and kind;
Till some one's careless fingers found the key
And set me free to sun and sky and wind.

Heigho! The outer world seemed very sweet,
For all the sunlit mysteries were new,
The tender little moss caressed my feet,
I drank of flower-wine and crystal dew.

I heard quaint stories from the birds and bees;
My cheeks were of the sun's warm kisses
fain;
I joined wild frolics with the reckless breeze,
And mocked the mocking echoes back again.

But when the evening fell and all the world
Folded to rest without a thought of me,
With fear a-shiver as the dark unfurled,
I longed to shelter in the ancient tree.

HEART OF NEW ENGLAND

The sun has gone and now my heart is cold!
My friend the breeze, grown weary with his
play,
Slumbers upon the flowers; while all the gold
Has faded from the glory of the day.

O good great Oak, close me within your bark!
I droop and faint and cannot wander more.
But though through all the world I search the
dark,
I cannot find my cloister's wrinkled door.

O good great Oak, let me not seek in vain
A helpless Dryad, exiled from her tree!
Ah, but to feel your clasping strength again
Between the cruel, careless world and me!

FAIRY WINE

You from east and I from west
Both stumbled into Fairyland;
And there we wandered, blithe and blest,
Through elfin mazes, hand in hand.

They poured a cup of magic brew
And laid enchantment on our eyes;
I thought I read the heart of you,
You saw me in a fairy guise.

Out of the wonder-hill we came;
We blinked and stammered, wild and wan.
For you and I were just the same,
But lo! the witchery was gone!

So, go your way and I'll go mine,
You to the west, I to the east.
But ah, how sweet the fairy wine
We sipped together at the feast!

WEBS

OH, they spread out their silver webs
 Upon the moonlit grass,
Their wee bright webs of faërie,
 To catch the Dreams that pass.

The wistful dream that stole from me
 And crept away to you,
They tangled it in glistening knots
 Of witchery and dew.

And whisht! Your bashful little thought,
 So innocent and bright,
Got trapped in that same silver web
 And kept with mine all night.

Then ah! Whatever shall we do
 Upon to-morrow day,
Our dreams are snared together so
 And cannot slip away?

THE FAIRY FORT

As I went by the fairy fort

I heard a laughing wee voice say —

“Whisht! Be these humans rale at all?

I’ll not believe it, nay!”

“Aye, but ye see the crayturs plain?”

“But seein’ niver makes it true,

No more that not to see be proof;

’T is what they think and do.

“They just have faith in what they see,

And they be blind as midday owls —

Except the little childher dear,

And some with childher sowls.

“They chase unrале things all day long —

Money and aise and fame and power —

With niver time to pipe and dream,

Or gossip with a flower.

HEART OF NEW ENGLAND

“Such stupid things they be, and quare!

I’ll not believe in them, not I!

Come, let us pipe a rale, true lilt,

And lave the crayturs by.”

As I went by the fairy fort

I heard a piping sweet and small;

I wonder, are the Wee Folk real,

Or am I real at all?

PEACE—WITH A SWORD

PEACE — WITH A SWORD!

“ENSE PETIT PLACIDAM SUB LIBERTATE
QUIETEM”

(Motto of Massachusetts)

PEACE! How we love her and the good she
brings

On broad, benignant wings!

And we have clung to her, how close and long,

While she has made us strong!

Now we must guard her lest her power cease,

And in the harried world be no more peace.

Even with a sword;

Help us, O Lord.

For us no patient peace, the weary goal

Of a war-sickened soul;

No peace that battens on misfortune's pain,

Swollen with selfish gain,

Bending slack knees before a calf of gold,

With nerveless fingers impotent to hold

The freeman's sword:

Not this, O Lord!

HEART OF NEW ENGLAND

No peace bought for us by the martyr dead
Of countries reeking red;
No peace flung to us from the tyrant's hand,
Sop to a servile land.
Our Peace the State's strong arm holds high
and free,
The "placid Peace she seeks in liberty,"
Yea, "with a sword."
Help us, O Lord!

O Massachusetts! In your golden prime,
Not with the bribe of time
You won her; subtle words and careful ways
In perilous days.
No! By your valor; by the patriot blood
Of your brave sons poured in a generous flood.
Peace, with a sword!
Help us, O Lord.

Fling out the banners that defied a king;
The tattered colors bring
That made a nation one from sea to sea,
In godly liberty.

PEACE — WITH A SWORD!

Unsheathe the patriot sword in time of need,
O Massachusetts, shouting in the lead —

“Peace, with a sword!

Help us, O Lord!”

THE CRY

HARK! From the trampled gardens once so fair,
From hateful trenches in the harried fields,
From vineyards wasting in polluted air
Their rich, ungarnered yields,
There comes the piteous, instinctive cry
Of soldiers in their lonely agony —
“Mother!” “Mère!”

Alas! Those bonny yellow heads low-lying!
Blue anguished eyes — like eyes beloved
and near!
Weak, fevered lips with painful effort sighing
That word of all most dear —
So like on every tongue, so understood,
Sign of our common, outraged brotherhood —
“Mutter!” “Mither!”

They cry to Her — the Pity of the race,
The fostering Care from which they
marched afar,
The Sympathy forsaken, and the grace
Of Love betrayed by war.

THE CRY

In this their bitter hour the brave men cry
To her who bore them, piteously to die —
“Madre!” “Mat!”

And she at home, the pale, heart-broken
mother —

She who had nought to do with war and
strife —

Knows Cain and Abel, brother slaying
brother!

Sad Eve who gave them life
Must watch and wait and weep and work,
and hear

Those kindred voices crying to her ear —
“Mutter!” “Maman!”

Oh, hearken, human Love! unselfish, high,

Impartial as the love of mothers good!

Not vainly died the lads, if their last cry

Prove us our brotherhood;

If horror so abound for kindred slain,

Man ends forever War, the crime of Cain.

“Mother!”

CRUSADERS

THEY who have seen the vision,
We who have dreamed the dream,
Are comrades of a mighty host,
Crusaders of the Gleam.

Some lads will fall in battle,
Some wave victorious swords;
Some knit the pitying web of love,
Or forge the glowing words.

Still, shoulder set to shoulder,
We tread the fields of fate,
Our hearts invincible to crush
Truculent ranks of Hate.

And comrade heartens comrade
Through voids of time and space,
Flashing the Sign upon his brow,
A light upon his face.

THE KNIGHTS

Not dust! Not dust the chivalry,
The knightly heart of high romance
Enshrined in ancient poetry.
Behold, the battle-fields of France!

Gone plume and crest and jeweled sword,
Gone pomp and picturesque array.
War is a grim and hideous word!
Yet heroes walk the world to-day.

A Launcelot or Lion Heart?
A Roland or a Godfrey bold?
Nay, simple lads who bear their part
As gallantly as knights of old.

Our lithe brown legions swinging by,
Our bonny sailors proudly free;
The dauntless champions of the sky,
The dragon-chasers on the sea!

HEART OF NEW ENGLAND

A thousand Sidneys pass the cup
Of blessedness on fields of blood;
And countless Bayards offer up
Their joyous hope for others' good.

Never were hearts so nobly bold,
Nor bodies built so strongly fair.
The tree of life has not grown old,
But blooms to-day beyond compare!

No more we glory in the past
And yearn to see those kings of men.
The peerless knights arise at last,
And epic deeds are done again!

FROM THE CANTEEN

SAILOR, we shall miss you,
Swaggering up and down,
Bringing picaresque romance
To the mouldy town.

On your lips a whistle,
In your heart a dance,
A merry lass upon your arm,
Mischief in your glance.

Childish in your loneliness,
Boyish in your needs,
But a man in strong desire,
A man to do bold deeds.

Fearful tales you told us —
Some of them were true;
Furtive tears were often spilled
In the cups we poured for you.

HEART OF NEW ENGLAND

How we yearned to help you;
Longed to understand
The riddle of your restless look,
The strange lines of your hand.

You brought us pain and vision,
Bright youth and gallant ways.
Sailor, we shall miss you
In the peaceful days!

CRIPPLED SOLDIER

I MAY have used but half my strength,
And you but half your mind,
To help the Cause for which he bled,
Leaving a limb behind.

You may have stumbled in your task,
I may have limped and failed.
But he leaped forth to give his hope,
Nor once looked back, nor quailed.

We may be scarred with vain regret
For duties left undone,
With stiffened limbs and slackened hearts,
When the great war is won.

Then who will say that he is lame,
While we are safe and whole?
Who bears dread wounds for others' sake
Has the uncrippled soul.

HEART OF NEW ENGLAND

And life for him may now begin,
With a new hope at heart,
While we, disfigured, face a peace
In which we won no part.

THE FLAG TRIUMPHANT

ACROSS my window blow the splendid folds
Of the great flag hung out for Victory
And Peace. They gleam through traceries of
vine

And struggling plants, cherished through four
grim years

For comfort, now in blossom. Everything
I see between the flutterings of the flag;
The unimportant doings in the street,
The homely houses opposite, the folk
Carelessly passing; and the flight of doves —
Peace doves — along a narrow strip of sky.
I see them glorified by red and white,
Under a blessed hidden field of stars.

And when I turn away to read or write,
My eyes are dazzled still by vivid flashes,
Caught from the floating colors. No escape
From thoughts of death heroic, life trium-
phant!

The room is full of red and white reflections.

HEART OF NEW ENGLAND

The very picture-glasses are aglow
With patriotic fervor, not content
To be mere shields for ancient, precious
things —

Precious for being ancient; they would share
The pride of present effort. Even shy prisms
Hung in old candelabra flush and pale
Alternately, with tremulous, caught emotion.

O Flag of sacrifice and chivalry,
Never before so dear! Your holy red
Dyed with the blood of hero-friends; your
white

Clear like their vision; and your starry field
Steadfast with life devotion! Not again,
I think, shall I look out upon the world
But through the folds of your eternal glory.
Flash your fair challenge still across my win-
dow,

Flag of my Country!

THREE GOLDEN STARS

(IN MEMORY OF THREE RADCLIFFE GIRLS
WHO DIED IN SERVICE ABROAD; RUTH
HOLDEN, '11; LUCY N. FLETCHER, '10;
AND HELEN HOMANS)

LUCY, HELEN, RUTH! Sweet names they
have,
Our brave young soldiers, womanly and
kind!
Sweet as the glorious youth of heart and
mind,
The years of promise they so gladly gave.

And they have wound the ribbon of their
love
About and through the nations sundered
far,
Drawing them close; each with a golden
Star
Setting her seal on bonds that time shall
prove.

HEART OF NEW ENGLAND

For one, a Briton born and Island bred,
Chose for America to serve, and bless
Our wounded with her strength and steadfastness.

She sleeps in France among her Yankee dead.

One of New England, back to England gave
The treasure of her wisdom and her skill,
To use for hapless refugees, who still
Are weeping by her lonely Russian grave.

And one has won a hero's *Croix de Guerre*,
"Morte pour La France," so honoring a
debt.

Our sister nation never will forget
The foreign Saint who gave her soldiers care.

Oh, greater love hath no man shown than
they,

The dear, bright spirits with the radiant
eyes,

Fearlessly venturing the great emprise,
Cheerfully pacing down the dolorous way!

THREE GOLDEN STARS

So, never deem their golden web unspun,
Blighted the hope, and lost the precious
dower!
For Three have died to speed the blessed
hour
When Truth and Love make all the nations
one.

THE SPRING OF THE YEAR

ON fields of France the violets are fair,
The skylarks sing above the broad cham-
paign;
But where are they who walked and listened
there,
The hero-lads our spring finds not again?
They leave to us who did not share the fight,
The earth's expectancy of green delight.
Nay! They have journeyed to a sweeter
bourne,
Where ghosts of all the garnered springs
survive,
With all earth-joys that never will return,
And all the flowers that ever were alive;
Where bird-songs that have echoed through
the years
Make harmony too sweet for mortal ears.
Oh, what a radiant company are they!
Forever one with all that's newly fair;

THE SPRING OF THE YEAR

Out of the heat and burden of the day,
The blight of fall and winter's aged care.
They are Youth's Gladness, ever blossoming
Beyond the wistful limit of our spring!

PRAYER FOR AMERICA

O LORD of justice and of right
Who made the generous Cause prevail,
Who helped our heroes win the fight,
Now let not their endeavor fail.
Facing new dangers that arise,
Oh, make us wise!

Draw out the best of each to serve
Unselfishly the common good,
Nor let the wider vision swerve
From the true goal of brotherhood.
To this, thy mighty-blended race,
Oh, give thy grace!

Give us great leaders we can trust
To strive for righteousness alone;
Cast small ambition in the dust,
With greed and malice overthrown.
Lord God, Preserver of the State,
Oh, make us great!

THE ROCK OF LIBERTY

A PILGRIM ODE, 1620-1920

THE ROCK OF LIBERTY

A PILGRIM ODE, 1620-1920 ¹

• •

I. VISION

PRAYER OF SAILING

LORD GOD of Hosts, Defender of the weak,
With thine Almighty arm deliver us,
Thy suffering people, exiled and forlorn,
Pilgrims of faith, who dream a glorious dream!
Beyond the deep, where no man knows the
way,

To savage shores beneath an alien sky,
Guide us in hope to Liberty and Peace.
Jehovah! Hearken to thy people's cry!
Oh, grant us freedom, Lord, within thy law,
To toil or worship, live or die for Thee,
In thy name building that which shall endure
Beyond the little while we have to live.

THE VISION

O rolling waste of unimagined ocean,
Dividing continents and parting men!

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HEART OF NEW ENGLAND

Yield to the fragile sails of destiny,
Manned by the will that conquers mighty
force!

Bow to the courage that endures to die,
The faith that anchors to a solid Rock.
O waves that do divide! The time will come
When water shall unite the Sundered lands.
Then over sea, under the sea and through,
Shall fare the galleons of brotherhood,
Bearing the freight of liberty and love
From a great nation, heir of our desire,
To every corner of the peopled earth.

THE MAYFLOWER

O Pilgrims in a cockle frail
Upon a perilous quest,
Out of the old world making sail
Into the golden west;
Beyond the misty ocean veil
Awaits a Vision blest!

A simple little yeoman band,
None of the rich or great,

THE ROCK OF LIBERTY

But stout of heart and strong of hand,

The pioneers of fate;

The patient builders of a land,

The founders of a State!

Your fragile bark adventuring

Upon a fearful sea, —

Awful the cargo that you bring;

The seeds of destiny,

Promise of future harvesting

In sheaves of liberty.

CHORUS OF WOMEN

The peril of the frozen wave

Our faith cannot betray;

Mothers and maidens, be ye brave,

And teach the babes to pray, —

“Jehovah! Who art strong to save,

Guide to Thy chosen Bay!”

Famine and cold and fever come

To meet us on the shore;

Labor and want and sorrow, dumb

For joys we see no more.

HEART OF NEW ENGLAND

O Lord, give hope in a new home;
Strength for what lies before!

Yea, though he slay with scourge forlorn,
We trust Jehovah's will.
Although the pitying rows of corn
Hide many a little hill
Where lie our loved and newly-born;
Our God is with us still.

CHORUS OF MEN

No snarling danger in its den
Can make our courage quail;
No prowling savage of the fen
Will turn our color pale,
Nor treachery of brother men
Make our endeavor fail.

With freedom are our furrows filled,
To blossom in the spring.
To freedom run the roads we build:
“*Freedom!*” the gray walls sing.
For FREEDOM is the word we willed
Should through the ages ring!

II. STRUGGLE

PSALM

*The Lord is my strength; of whom shall I be
afraid?*

He hath brought me forth into a place of Liberty.

*Oh what great and sore troubles hast Thou
showed me,*

And yet dost Thou quicken me again,

Yea, and shalt bring me up again out of the deep.

Thou hast tried me as silver is tried.

The Lord will give strength to His people.

The Lord will bless His people with peace.

THE CAPTAIN

We who have challenged fate

To buy the boon of peace,

Shall we not watch and wait,

Nor from the vigil cease?

Pray God for strength and trust his word,

Guarding our treasure with a sword!

We who have burned the past

Upon an altar fire,

HEART OF NEW ENGLAND

Will pay our lives at last
To win the soul's desire.
Give us our peace! Renew our faith,
O Lord, to seek it unto death!

THE ELDER

Come, let us build a temple to God,
Here in the wilderness, made by our might,
Set in our midst, the center of life.
Smite the tall pines that fall with a roar!
Hew the great logs and heave them in place
Square is the meeting-house, simple and
stern,
Barren of beauty, honestly builded,
A shield from the arrow that flieth by day,
A haven from storm and peril of night.
Slender the spire that points to the sky,
First one of many to blaze out a path
Through the wild jungle, lifting men's eyes
Out of the shadow into the light.
Old men and maidens, young men and chil-
dren,
Enter His house with thanksgiving and praise!

THE ROCK OF LIBERTY

PILGRIM MOTHERS

Patter, patter, in and out,
Go the women's loyal feet.
Hither, thither, roundabout,
Late and early hear the beat;
To the crib, the well, the hay,
From the kitchen to the loom;
Treading out a people's way,
From the cradle to the tomb.

Flutter, flutter, to and fro,
Busy hands fly out and in.
Flaxen threads are white as snow, —
Rough the little hands that spin;
Drawing out the thread of life,
Working early, winding late;
Gentle mother, noble wife,
Knitting firm a nation's fate.

PILGRIM FATHERS

Lord of the harvest and the toil,
Prosper the laborer on thy soil.

HEART OF NEW ENGLAND

Steady the shoulder to the plow,
And let there be no faltering now.
Our lot is in a goodly land;
Inspire the heart and steel the hand
To build a fabric grandly sure
In righteousness that shall endure!

THE CONGREGATION

Sing to the Lord! Here there shall be
No leading into captivity,
And no complaining on our shore.
But we will guard the lowly poor,
The little children and the weak,
And they shall find the prize they seek.

O Liberty! The corner-stone
Of a greater hope than men have known!

III. ACHIEVEMENT

SONS

We have felled the forest and pierced the hill;
We have scoured the prairie and venture
still,
Turning the torrent to our behest,
Sons of the Pilgrims, East and West.

DAUGHTERS

We have followed our men to make a home;
Wherever they fared we dared to come,
From the mountain top to the river mouth,
Daughters of Pilgrims, North and South.

THE NEW GENERATION

We have builded well by the waterside,
We have garnered a harvest far and wide,
Setting our mark from sea to sea,
Heirs of the Pilgrim liberty.

THE ALARUM

Daughters of men, arise!
Sons of the soil, awake!

HEART OF NEW ENGLAND

What are the hopes ye prize
When Freedom is at stake?
Hark to a warning cry
Out of the sacred dust;
Dare all for Liberty,
Give all to keep the trust!

*“Pray God for strength and trust his word,
Guarding our treasure with a sword!”*

Arise, O glorious Land,
And make confusion cease!
The foes of Freedom stand
Across the path of peace.
In loyal might arrayed
Assail the host of shame.
Forward! Unafraid!
In God's Almighty name!

*“Give us our peace! Renew our faith,
O Lord, to seek it unto death!”*

America! Be strong!
Heir of a noble race,

THE ROCK OF LIBERTY

Bear the proud Flag along
Up to the highest place.
The road our fathers made
Is bright as living flame.
Forward! Unafraid!
In God's Almighty name!

THE VISION FULFILLED

O waves that did divide! The time has
come
When water shall unite the sundered lands!
Now over sea, under the sea and through,
Shall fare the galleons of brotherhood,
Bearing the freight of liberty and love
From the great Nation, heir of men's desire,
To every corner of the peopled earth.

THE UNION

Lovely is this, the land of our abiding,
From shore to shore across the leagues of
freedom,
From North to South in merciful abundance;
Land of our heart, America!

HEART OF NEW ENGLAND

The little school, the farmstead, and the
chapel,
Type of the treasure that our fathers cher-
ished,
Followed the feet that tramped beyond the
mountains,
Making thy ways, America!

Out of the East came men in mighty millions,
Into the savage corners of the country,
Scattering wide the seed of old tradition,
Germ of thy power, America!

From deep to deep, from gulf to frozen for-
est,
The mountain and the plain have known their
courage,
The harbor and the town have seen their
wisdom,
Quickening thee, America!

They chained the Titan, Steam, to be their
servant;

THE ROCK OF LIBERTY

They made the thunderbolt to do their bidding,
And gave thee Light to be thy living halo,
Glorious one, America!

The old world turned to thee in time of trouble,
The people held their empty hands for succor;
Thy bread and wine of love went forth to feed them,
Strength of thy strength, America!

Thy Liberty became the hope of nations;
To Victory thy banner crossed the ocean,
Borne by the gallant sons of Pilgrim honor,
Shouting thy name — “*America!*”

Yet are we humble, mindful of the fathers.
Not unto us, but unto God the glory,
Who gave them grace, and made us to inherit
Their sacred trust, — America!

HEART OF NEW ENGLAND

DOXOLOGY

Praise God from whom all blessings flow.
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Amen.

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